

GREAT PANT SALE!

500 pair all wool Scotch stripes and plaids in all colors, \$2.75, worth \$4.50.

300 pair blue mix Scotch, all wool, \$3.00, worth \$5.00.

300 pair grey stripe, all wool, something very nobby, \$3.00, worth \$5.50.

500 pair Scotch plaids, all wool, in brown and grey, \$3.50, worth \$6.00.

200 pairs dark cassimere, all wool, brown stripe; perfect fitting, \$4.00 to \$4.50, worth \$6.00 to \$7.00.

300 pairs all wool cassimere pants, in plain, plaids, stripes and checks, dark and light colors, all going at \$4.50, worth \$6.75.

Having bought for spot cash the closing slaughter of a large eastern exclusive pantaloons factory, we are enabled to offer special bargains, of which we mention a few, as follows:

500 pairs all wool, Scotch stripes and Plaids, all colors, at \$2.75, worth double.

300 pairs all wool, Scotch blue mixed, at \$3, worth \$5.

300 pairs all wool, Grey stripe, very nobby, at \$3.

500 pairs all wool, Scotch Plaids, in brown and grey, at \$3.50.

200 pairs all wool, Dark Cassimeres, Brown stripe, at \$4 and \$5.50.

300 pairs all wool Cassimeres, in plain Plaids, stripes and checks, light and dark colors, at 4.50.

And many others. In men's, youths', boys' and children's suits, we shall make special prices during this week, and you will find it to your advantage to examine our goods and prices before purchasing.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED. Any goods sent by express C. O. D., with privilege of examining before paying, and if not entirely satisfactory, can be returned at our expense.

M. HELLMAN & CO., 1301-1303 Farnam Street, 304 to 312 S. 13th Street.



Look, Read and Then Act!

TREMENDOUS OFFER OF PANTALOONS

--AT--

TREMENDOUSLY LOW PRICES!

Your choice from a stock of several thousand pairs at the Clothing Emporium of

M. HELLMAN & CO.

Pants for Fat People.

Pants for Lean People.

Pants for Tall People.

Pants for Short People.

Pants for Everybody.

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

The First Spring Exhibition of a Home Association.

SOME CREDITABLE EXAMPLES.

The Water Color Side is Nearly Unusually Good—A Few of the Choicest of the Oil Paintings.

The Artists Explain.

"But then," said the charming little artist, "you know, if they were only to hang such pictures as would be accepted by the committee in Boston or New York, there would be no exhibition here at all."

"Very true, and on the other hand, if there were just a little discretion used, and the unutterably vile daubs were thrown out, the fewer number would afford greater, because less alloyed pleasure; and the patrons would not be put to the trouble of hunting for the good work."

"There is really no sense in putting the crudest productions of even talented amateurs on view under the auspices of an 'Art Association'; that sort of thing is well enough at high school exhibitions and in family circles of admiring relatives, but the part of the public versed in art has no sympathy with people who thrust for fame at an advanced age, and that part not so versed should not be educated to believe such efforts artistic. In the unimproved gallery in the Brown building, Fifth and Douglas streets, there are some very creditable pictures, and it is a matter of doubt whether their grouping with many inferior ones enhances their merits by contrast, or detracts from them by association."

Among the oils, "Sierra Blanca," Miss Minnie Blackburn, is a good landscape, with perhaps too much snow according to the tree in the foreground. "Monk" and a bunch of rabbits, Mrs. C. H. Bower, are studies in animal life of worth. The excellence of the chrysanthemums, Mrs. Benjamin S. Brown, is marred by a dark frame.

For faithfulness in color and general tone, No. 134, "A Head," by Miss Nellie Rosewater, is the most elegant of the few studies of form exhibited; it lacks individuality, because of its pose and selection of point of view; as a mere study, however, it gives promise of future prominence in portraiture.

The "Village Scene in Winter," by Mrs. E. C. Brownlee, is a realistic portrayal. Mrs. C. H. Coleman's study of "Wild Grapes" is effective, and "Kitty's Breakfast" and a portrait by H. A. Collins are on the whole commendable, particularly the portrait, which has a life-like appearance.

Mrs. Edwin Davis' "Daisy Ben" seems to be ready for circulation. The highly colored "Radishes," by Miss Ada K. Farnsworth, is a study in her effective treatment of "Color." "Study of Apples and Poppies," hung by Mrs. George I. Gilbert, held fairly faithful mirrors to nature.

Fruits and flowers seemed to be predominant subjects. A fruit piece, No. 71, of Mr. Mart B. Hackett, while carrying too much color, is not at all displeasing. Delicate yet distinct coloring has enabled Miss Sadie Kelley to treat with grace and truth "Lilies."

The "Landscape of German Students" is a pretty combination of color, but Miss Freda McLennan has mixed her brown with a light color and failed to put a color on the bear rug.

The portrait of Mr. Henry Bolla, from the brush of Mr. George Timme, is skillfully executed. "Sheep," in Mr. Lininger's collection, by Mrs. R. A. Wille, is a creditable affair. "Conchology," by Mrs. C. P. Kalsbach, is a good copy of an excellent study. Perhaps the curls floating around the center piece could be dispensed with.

"A Corrie in Skye" is also a well executed copy of a good subject. The water color part of the exhibition, including the architectural drawings, include on the average fewer undesirable features than the oil side. This is the more remarkable because painting in water colors is much more difficult than in oils, though less impressive to the ordinary eye. The modern methods of directly expressing the natural tints with the hair pencil, as opposed to the older practice of working with the red, and of working in color, instead of lining with the pen, have rendered manipulations more difficult and the result decidedly more artistic. It is gratifying, therefore, to find in this exhibition such examples as those of Mr. Frederic Knight, diversified in subject, and all evidencing both artistic sense in conception and trained care in execution.

The gem of the water color display is "Pansies," by Miss Nellie Rosewater. A nuzzling head, under the brush of Miss K. E. Pettis, is truthfully delineated, and it is to be regretted that the body should detract from the general excellence of the canvas.

The crayon and pastel work is fair, but no particular example could be selected. In clay modeling the "Girl and Ducks" of Mrs. C. W. Holmes, and "Meadow Lark" of Mrs. Lawrence E. Singer, give promise of some development.

Council Bluffs is well represented by works from the brush of H. M. Ball, Mrs. C. H. Bower, George Simons, Lillian F. Huff, Mrs. C. P. Kalsbach, Sophie D. Rehse and Mrs. S. S. Stevens. The latter has two pieces, "Vegetables" and "A Scene in Ireland," which attract considerable attention and are very meritorious.

Awards made by the committee of judges are as follows:

OIL PAINTINGS.
First Premium, \$25.—No. 128, "The Old Hunter," by Albert Rothery.
Second Premium, \$15.—No. 109, "Cactus," by Mrs. J. C. Morrow.
Third Premium, \$10.—No. 135, "La France Roads," by Albert Rothery.
Fourth Premium, \$5.—No. 113, "Graves," by Mrs. F. B. Munaugh.
Second Honorable Mention—No. 101, "Landscape of German Students," by Miss McLennan.
Third Honorable Mention—No. 161, "A Panel," by H. A. Smith.

First Premium, \$15.—No. 225, "Pansies," by Miss Nellie Rosewater.
Second Premium, \$10.—No. 215, "Sketch of Willows," by Miss Mary F. Murray.
First Honorable Mention—No. 220, "Pine O'Clock Tea," by Miss Kate E. Pettis.
Second Honorable Mention—No. 228, "Study of Still Life," by Mrs. S. S. Stevens.

First Premium, \$10.—No. 260, twelve tea plates and platter, by Miss M. Butterfield.
Second Premium, \$5.—No. 261, twelve plates, by Mrs. Fanny Kollege Bacher.
First Honorable Mention—No. 272, Tete-a-tete set, by Miss M. Butterfield.

CLAY MODELING.
First Premium, \$5.—No. 300, "Meadow Lark," by Lawrence E. Singer.
First Honorable Mention—No. 298, "Flower Girl," by Mrs. C. W. Holmes.
Second Honorable Mention—No. 247, "Les Images," by Harry Shrier.
Second Honorable Mention—No. 230, "Portrait," by H. A. Collins.

The report of the committee of judges was signed by Dr. J. T. Duryea as chairman, the other members of the committee being: Mrs. J. M. Woolworth, Mr. Phil. Stimmel, Mr. John Worthington, Dr. Robert Doherty.

Dropped Dead in His Bank.
TOLPEKA, Kan., May 18.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—Last night Frank Krebs, cashier of the Bank of Horton, fell dead in the bank. Death was caused by congestion of the heart. Krebs was one of the most prominent bankers of the state. He had been cashier of the Horton bank ever since its establishment.

STEALING FROM JUGGERNAUT.

A Curious Yarn Told of an Indian Army Officer.

The true and tragic tale which I am about to relate was told to me many years ago by a distinguished officer of the Madras army, says a writer in the India Times, the facts have never appeared in any newspaper, nor are they to be found in any of the police records of the presidency. For obvious reasons the names have been altered; but to this day by the camp fires of the great festival held every year in told with bated breath and listened to with rapt attention the terrible tale of the jewels of Juggernaut and of the vengeance of the great god.

"Many years ago," said my friend, "I was quartered at Fuzarabad, an important military station about 150 miles from the Madras coast. There was a large number of troops there of all descriptions, and certainly for half the year the life we all led was gay and high enough."

"Unfortunately at the time I was there gambling and betting were much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company nobody was more popular and better liked by both men and women than young Fitzroy; but, unfortunately, he lost money at the races, tried to recover himself at the whist table, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwaris, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. I could see by his careworn and troubled expression of face that the poor young fellow was in a real bad way. I was not surprised, then, when one day he came to me and said: 'Major, I'm done for. I'm utterly broke. I can't get any more money in the bazaar, and they'll run me in unless I can get away for a bit. I must get to England and see if I can raise the wind there, but goodness knows,' said the young fellow bitterly, 'how I can dare ask my poor old governor. Major,' continued he, 'I must get away; it's simply killing me. You were a great friend of my father and promised to help me. I wish I had stuck to your advice, but I got my money from you come away with me? Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go off alone I shall be stopped by those cursed Marwaris.'"

"After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to Europe on private affairs, and I gave out that I was going on a ten days shooting expedition. A week later, with a couple of longas, we had started on our long and wearying journey to the coast, where my poor young friend hoped to pick up a steamer to take him to Europe. On the second day out we met crowds of people tramping along—men, women and children—and the next day still greater crowds. In reply to our inquiries we were told that they were returning from the great festival of Juggernaut, held at Puri, where only some three days' journey from where we were. The tonga wallah kept us interested with a graphic description of the festival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed—two emerald eyes of incalculable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and a necklace of priceless pearls."

"The sun was sinking as we neared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temples rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the travelers bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. During the last twenty-four hours my young companion had kept silence, and was moody and almost sullen whenever I

tried to rouse him. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was done beat and would go off to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking in the veranda. The moon was just rising when I thought I saw the figure of a European stealing along the wall of the compound. Strange, I thought, and wondered what other European could be here at the same time. An idea struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it, the bed was undisturbed, the table laid with my pipe and rushed out into the moonlight.

"A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of town. Running down the road, I soon came to a sandy lane which went outside the village walls in the direction of the temples, their pinnacles standing out clear and distinct in the moonlight. It did not take me long to find the figure of my poor lad, but soon I looked over and this is what I saw: An enormous courtyard of paved stone, on which were lying a number of priests, their white garments wrapped around their heads and bodies. In the background was a temple after temple, and in the center stood one solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps, and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller flights of colored marble steps. The moonbeams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eyes and ruby lips, while the pearl necklace glowed on his huge black bosom. Not a sound was to be heard except some distant tom-tomming on the other side of the town. The festival was over and Puri had lapsed into solemn silence. To my utterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courtyard."

"Not a living creature moved until a pariah dog rose up from near the wall, gave one howl, and then slunk away and crouched down again. Still no one stirred. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly horror took hold of me as the idea struck me that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor in the greater dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechless I saw him mount the step after step, and the next moment I saw him enter the shrine across the threshold which no other foot but that of Brahmin has ever passed. Nine steps led up to the god—two, three, four, five, six. He paused. I tried to shout, but no noise would come. He raised his hand as if to tear off the pearl necklace. It was still above his reach. His foot then touched the seventh. Can I ever forget the sight? The moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—daggers and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same instant the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests had cast off their coverings and were rushing to the shrine. Two minutes later I saw the amazed and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman and I turned and fled."

The Munden Star expresses the hope that if a cyclone visit Nebraska this year, it will come in such a shape "that it will lift farm mortgages without destroying farm buildings. It is time to set a new fashion in a cyclonic way, and the above would be a pleasant storm to have for a change."

LITTLE ROMANCES.

Some Maine lumbermen who were annoyed by a bear stealing their molasses out of the camp store-room put up a job on him. They got an empty molasses keg, filled the sides of it full of sharp-pointed nails, inclined toward the bottom, poured a little molasses into it, and set the whole arrangement out in the bushes near the pig pen. The novel trap worked nicely. The next morning it was found some distance from the camp. The bear's head was inside. He had stuck it in and couldn't draw it out. A rifle-ball ended his misery and his thieving.

Thomas Connor landed at Castle garden, the other night. The next morning he wrote a letter to his brother in County Kerry, Ireland, and started off to drop it in a letter box, near the battery. Instead of putting his letter in the proper box, he opened fire-alarm box No. 12. The box is a keyless one, having a small bell on the door which rings when it is opened. The sharp whirr startled Connor somewhat, but "as nothing else happened just then I thought that I was safe enough," Connor said afterward. Finding no place to put his letter, he pulled down the hook that he saw inside, thinking that it would reveal a place for the letter. It didn't, and while Connor stood scratching his head and wondering how he could post the letter, a fire engine dashed up with clanging gong. Three or four sections of hose were reeled off the tender. By this time another engine arrived and a third was close behind. Then two trucks arrived shortly after each other, and at last Connor got scared and ran away. Someone told Foreman Murray that Connor had pulled open the box, and he was arrested and sent to the Tombs, where, where Justice Power discharged him after Foreman Murray had told the story. The alarm had caused a complete blockade of business down town in that quarter. Connor was frightened half to death over the affair, but he said he thought "those very funny postmen, wid big hats an' axes."

Samuel Carter, of Waterloo township, an old farmer of Athens county, Ohio, was some time since very sick, and, thinking himself near unto death, he sent for his son, John H., living in one of the western states, to whom he bequeathed his large and valuable farm. Unexpectedly recovering from his sickness, however, he wanted his farm back and instituted proceedings, which were determined by the judge deciding that the deed transferring possession of the farm was valid and must stand.

Charles Raymond has been a familiar figure around Niblo's Garden for many years.

Raymond did not take kindly to the ordinary indulgences that men usually employ to ruin their health. He did not use tobacco or drink intoxicating fluids, but he had one little specialty about it, either. He would swallow a handful of sticks with as much greed as a love-sick maiden would candy. He found out that he could swallow tacks while working at laying carpets when a young man. He has swallowed several kegs of tacks in his day, and the only bad feature noticeable was that his appetite always appeared to be on the increase. The explanation of the phenomenon is a simple one. Raymond has not a copper-lined stomach, as has often been suggested to him, but he has a strong stomach, into which there flows

an unusual amount of powerful gastric juice, which dissolved the iron.

Raymond became ambitious. Tacks were not good enough for him, and he got tired of taking them. He swallowed a dose of pins to please his admirers, but he never sought their admiration again in the same way. Several of the pins passed from the bowels naturally, but Raymond began to suffer in a few hours, and was taken to the hospital.

The patient being thoroughly anesthetized, an incision was made in the abdomen. Thirty-two inches of the intestines were removed, and the pins taken out. The cavity was then thoroughly washed with carbolic acid solution, and the wound closed with silver and catgut sutures.

The operation had been somewhat prolonged by the appearance of unforeseen difficulties; and the patient was in a low state. Vigorous treatment prevented a collapse, and after the effect of the shock passed away, he showed marked improvement, being free from pain entirely. There have been no drawbacks. The patient has an excellent appetite, and the removal of the bowel does not appear to interfere with digestion. The immense wound in the abdominal wall is healing splendidly, and most of the sutures have been removed. In a few days the patient will leave the hospital, having made the record of recovery after the removal of the largest section of intestine ever taken from a human being.

The Chinese have a custom that when a woman gives birth to a triplet she must report the matter to the authorities, and on their part will present her with three little coats, one red, one yellow and one green. These coats she must put on the infants in the dark, and the ones who will get the red and yellow coats will be exalted, while the one with the green coat will be ignoble. Such events are, however, of the rarest occurrence.

HE SPONGED OFF THE TIGER.

And Had a Most Remarkable Exploit Which Fortunately Ended Happily.

When Pezon, the lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a moujik, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts, says the London Times. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge and water bucket. The moujik watched him closely, and appeared to fully understand the details of the lesson given. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly slipped in, as he had seen his master do on the previous day into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger, that lay on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by the opening and closing of the door, the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all

unconscious of his danger, stood in the corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At that moment Pezon came out of the caravan and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might encourage the great beast and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood, awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with night and main. All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open, as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack tested the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.

Kings and Queens at Dinner.

In Italy the court dines around a table covered with a magnificent service in gold; it is the only luxury, says the London Globe. There are no flowers, and the dishes of the country are invariably served—above all the fritto, composed of a foundation of artichokes, liver, brains and cocks' combs. At the German court the finest table is that of grand duchess of Baden. She has an excellent French cuisine and a Pariah chief. The queen of Sweden has a very tempting table and bill of fare—soups, almost always milk, and beef-steaks; one of her favorite dishes is composed of balls of mince-meat cooked with oil and surrounded with a garish of poached eggs; then there is almost at each repast the national plate, salmon preserved in earth.

Queen Victoria's favorite wine is pale sherry, which she drinks from a beautiful silver cup inherited from Queen Anne. The royal dinner is very complete. The table is lighted with gold chandeliers placed in epergnes rise up to the ceiling. The queen eats a special bread, square, well cooked and of a mastic color.

The Two Lovers.

Manassas, Va. News.—The love, Of the Oscar Wild description; Which the dudes of this baked-bean, brown bread town Find an excellent prescription.

The New York girl—ah! there's a love That's worthy admiration; One dose of that is better far Than sea baths or vacation.

Collision in a Fog.

PORT HURON, Mich., May 18.—The steam barge R. P. Ranney, which arrived here today, reports running into the schooner Merriek off Presque Isle yesterday morning. The collision occurred during a thick fog. Captain Rush and the man at the wheel were the only ones saved from the Merriek. Martin Johnson, mate, Mrs. Cole, Seamen Kennedy, J. Charlevoix and others were drowned.

Weekly Bank Statement.
New York, May 18.—The weekly bank statement shows the reserve increased \$5,532,000. The banks now hold \$14,204,000 in excess of legal requirements.